

[The Song of Mormon] by HAL

Mormon's Lamentations

I have no home where shall I go
While I am left to weep below
My heart is pained my friends are gone
And here I am left on earth to mourn

I see my people lying around
All lifeless here upon the ground
Young men and maidens in their gore
Which doth increase my sorrows more

My father gazed upon the scene
And in his writings has made plain
How every Nephite heart did fear
When he beheld his foe draw near

With ax and sword they fell upon
Our men and women sparing none
And left them prostrate on the ground
So here thou now art bleeding around

Ten thousand that were led by me
Lay round this hill called Cumorah
Their spirits from their ~~bodies~~ bodies fled
And they lay numbered with the dead

Well might my Brethren in surprise
Cry O ye fair ones once how fair
How is it that you have fallen so
My heart is filled with pain for you

My life is sought where shall I flee
Lord take me home to dwell with thee
Where all my sorrows will be o'er
And I shall weep and sigh no more

Thus sang the song of mormon when
He gazed upon his Nephite men
And women to which had been slain
And left to molder on the plain

Thou aged saint can words avail
Can tears afford relief
Can human sympathies premit
To soothe thy bosom grief

In life how suddenly betide
These evils that destroy
Was but a moment to divide
Thy hopes and blasts thy joy

Deep is the wound and keen the dart
It stings thy inmost soul
And through the fibres of thy heart
Afflictions matters roll

But cease thy sorrow peace be calm
And let thy tears be dry
Sweetest consolations softest calm
Is flowing from on high

It is the Lord his words are just
Theres mercy in his word and
Thou knowest his goodness and can trust
The true and living God

Great are his blessing now in store
For thee in faithfulness
Look through thy sorrows and adore
The hand that smites to bless

This sudden stroke has rent a chord
In twain that bound you here
But glorious will be your reward
When in that blessed sphere

When all its is joy you will ^{rejoice} ~~rejoice~~
your dear and favorite son
And glory in this deep design
Of the eternal One

H. A. L.